

## Catch the Mysterious Mr. Raffles and You Win a Reward of \$100.



### His Sixth Day's Adventures.

Related by Himself.

#### HOW MR. RAFFLES SPENT YESTERDAY.

##### IN PATERSON.

City Hall—Entered Police Headquarters.  
Church and Market—At Gospel tent.  
Lower Main street—Visited markets.  
Orpheum Theatre—Stumbled in way of watchman.  
Boston Store—Saw school supply sale.  
No. 28 Main—Spoke to one of Schuster's clerks.  
No. 54 Towana avenue—Spoke to clerk.  
Market and Straight streets—Tried to buy "Pinkie" cigar.  
Vine and Essex—Talked to Mr. and Mrs. Duffy.  
City and Vine—Spoke to Blacksmith Lowery and Policeman No. 54.  
On car 1,400—Talked to Conductor.  
No. 1,237 and saw Conductors Nos. 1,238 and 1,239.

##### IN NEWARK.

Prudential fountain—Stood in big crowd.  
Bumbers' store—Walked to second floor.  
No. 25 Arlington street—Looked for a cork.

My sixth day in the New Jersey cities might be called Paterson Day, for I spent almost my entire time in the City of Siles. When I got off at Erie station and walked toward as far as the City Hall, feeling some men and boys peering into the basement through one of the windows, curiosity led me to do otherwise, but failing to see anything I entered the building and descended into the lower part before I was aware that I was invading the stronghold of the police.

At the sight of several uniformed figures which I remembered having passed upon the streets during my tour of the city, I beat a retreat. Retracing my steps on Market as far as Church street, I came upon a large tent pitched in a lot containing the ruined foundation of a large building, which was told had been the Paterson Public Library and had been destroyed in the great fire that swept the city a few years ago.

##### Enters Gospel Tent.

I entered the tent where I found a man standing at a table, the possible descent of the small boys of the neighborhood. He informed me that religious services were being held there.

I afterward went north on Main street to the markets down toward the river, stopping at many of the places to price things and giving the men of the district every possible chance to capture the \$100 reward without handing it to them on a silver platter.

Then I strolled south on Main street as far as Albert McGee's office, at Taylor street.

In passing the Orpheum Theatre I saw a man sweeping at the entrance. He wore blue trousers and had the appearance of being a watchman.

I purposely got in his way, compelling him to stop and look up, but he did not take notice by the forelock and is today \$100 poorer than he ought to be.

##### Has Fun with Store Clerks.

During my stroll through the streets my attention was attracted by the sign of the Mayer Bros. Big Boston Store, and I wandered in. They were having their annual school supply sale, and the place was crowded with mothers who were getting ready for the opening of the schools and self-reliant boys and girls who had been instructed by their parents with the responsibility of buying their own books.

I intended to go all over the store, but intend to make a visit some time early next week.

I managed to have considerable fun with the clerks at Schuster & Co.'s groceries, and saw the ladies who were out marketing a few chances to catch me and the more important him.

As Schuster's store at No. 28 Main street, I stood around so long that a clerk asked me if he could do anything for me.

"I am waiting for Mrs. Raffles," I said. "When I came across the Boston Store, I saw the ladies who were out marketing a few chances to catch me and the more important him."

No. 54 Towana Avenue—Spoke to clerk.

To the Boston Store—Saw school supply sale.

TWO prizes are offered by The Evening World for the capture of the mysterious Mr. Raffles. First \$50 for his identification, and second, \$50 additional if the captor of Raffles has in his possession the latest edition of The Evening World on sale at the time.

There is only one rule governing the search: When you think you have discovered Raffles you must address him in these words:

"You are the mysterious Mr. Raffles of the Evening World."

Unless you use these words he will not pay attention to you. If you use them he will acknowledge his identity at once, hand you over The Evening World's checks for \$50 or \$100, and accompany you to the cashier's office, ELECTRO PARK, Newark; the cashier's office of L. BARNHART & CO., Newark; or the cashier's office of THE BOSTON STORE, Paterson, where the check or checks will be cashed for you.

As I went out he turned once more to the changing patron.

On Vine street, near Essex, I saw a large factory, and, desiring to know something about it, dropped into J. Duffy's place at the corner.

Mrs. Duffy said that she did not know the name of the factory, but called to Mr. Duffy, who said that it was the silk works of Donnelly & Wadsworth.

"We had the name on a photo sign," he said, "but it has been torn down."

To be sure that I got the name right I went to Goldthorp's grocery, a little further on, where I looked at the telephone directory and found that the firm of silk manufacturers was Doherty & Wadsworth.

Not a Hand Reached for \$100.

Having given these people a chance to collect the \$100, I walked to Clay street, where I spoke to several men in front of P. T. Coleman's place, including the man in charge, and then as a slight shower came on, went into the blacksmith shop of Charles P. Lowery, Mr. Lowery, who invited me in, stood talking to Policeman No. 54 out my notebook and wrote down these details, but not a hand was reached out for the \$100.

I then rode out to Passaic, returning on car No. 1,233. The conductor No. 1,233, over the line, I talked to this new man. He said that he was not green hand, but had been transferred from another branch of the railway.

Railway employee No. 1,233, a car near the Meers leather factory and rode into Paterson at my side.

The street railway conductors ought to be ashamed to let the Raffles \$100 go wandering about unclaimed. I have ridden with some of them two and three times.

Watches Thirsty Crowd.

Before going to Paterson I maintained a portion of the business district of Newark. At the Prudential Building in Broad street I was amused by the thirsty crowd at the drinking fountain at the side of the big structure. It was made up chiefly of boys, who quarreled over precedence until the watchman came along and stood grimly by while they, duly impressed by his menacing aspect, ceased their clamor and soberly took turns at the cup and as soberly departed. While loitering on at the little comedy Roseville car No. 1,207 came in and the conductor and motorman patronized the fountain.

At Market street I turned northward, again entering Barnberger's department store, and walked up to the second floor, always treacherous when I go among the women shoppers, for women are kinder than men. I am sure that I would have been captured long ago if it were not that women are kind about having anything to say to strange men.

Doubtless there have been half-dozen shoppers who have let the Raffles slip through their hands during this season.

Women Hesitated and Lost.

I know this must be true, for it was only day yesterday that I got two well-dressed women standing in front of Barnberger's, one of whom was looking at me and talking earnestly. I walked slowly so as to give them every chance to catch me, but they allowed me to go on unobserved.

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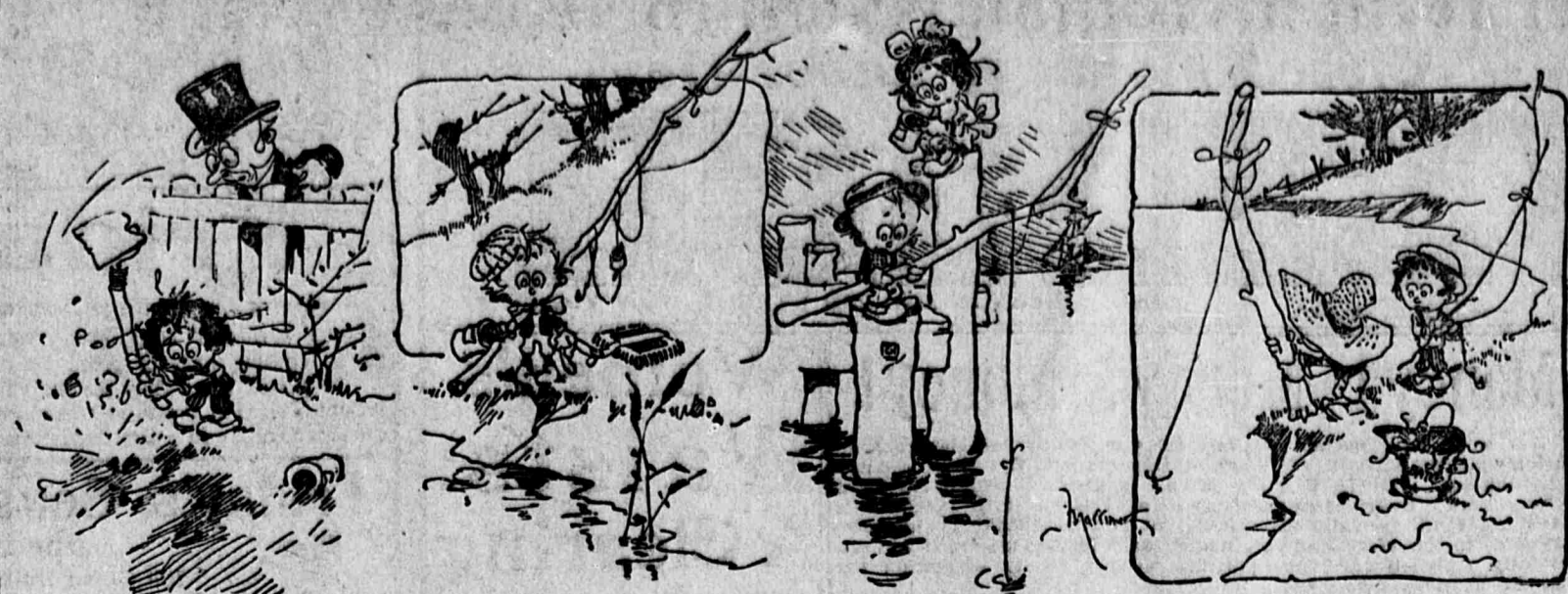
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## Fishin' Time

By W. F. Marriner.



"Ah, my lad, the early bird gets the worm."  
"I guess dey has, boss! I been a-diggin' bait here since 4 o'clock an' ain't got none yet!"

"Why, bless my soul! I've lost my way to school again!"

She—Algeron, if I should fall in would you plunge after me an' rescue me?  
He—Sure, Mikel Ain't you got de bait?

"It's funny there's any fishes left, ain't it?"  
"Well, no! I heard that man that sold you a patent pump yesterday say that a sucker was born every minute!"

#### GOING—GOING—GONE!

"Just to think," remarked Mr. Stubb, stirring his coffee thoughtfully, "of the Russian battle-ship Kniaz Potemkin cruising around with a red flag at the mast!"

"It was rather unusual," replied Mrs. Stubb, "but I care to buy a battle-ship at auction?"—Chicago News.

#### A LITTLE AUBURN LIE.

Teas—Miss Pansy says she admires auburn hair most.  
Jesse—She doesn't; that's just a bluff she uses to throw people off the track.  
Teas—How do you mean? She has black hair.

Jesse—Yes, and she wants to make believe that she couldn't have bought auburn just as easily.—Philadelphia Press.

#### NOT ALWAYS EASY.

"Why don't you try to win the confidence of the people?"  
"Not now," said Senator Boraham, "the people have been gold-bricked so much of late years that every time they see a man trying to make himself agreeable they get suspicious."—Washington Star.

#### CARRIED AWAY BY IT.

Mrs. Nexdora—Prof. Fortay called at our house to-day and my daughter played the piano for him. He just raved over her playing.

Miss Penney—How rude! Why could not he conceal his feelings the way the rest of us do?—Philadelphia Press.

## Do You Think She Really Meant It?

By T. O. McGill.



## THE HEART AND HOME PAGE FOR WOMEN

THE KLOS SISTERS, YOUNG WOMEN OF MUSCLE,  
TELL MISS AYER HOW THEY BECAME SO STRONG.



THE KLOS SISTERS AT WASHINGTON.

By Margaret Ayer.

W HILD you imagine that muscular development such as our pictures show is acquired by the simplest exercises and movements such as have frequently been referred to on this page?

The physique of each of the Klos sisters shows such symmetrical development that even the most fastidious eye has not been able to find fault with them. They are surprised to find that these young women possess

muscles which any man might envy. One's first thought on seeing them performs all kinds of feats of strength or endurance, they react upon the young ladies must be in the habit of practicing daily with one hundred pound dumb-bells. Not at all. This wonderful power and strength is the result of simple little exercises that children go through in their schoolroom gymnastics.

Take for instance the chest and arm development shown in the picture. We may not need muscles like that, though in these strenuous, pushing days they might come in handy in a subway crowd. Before these muscles reached their present stage of over-development, however, they reached just the right place for the ordinary woman, who does not want to go to the state of strength, yet does want to strengthen and develop arm and chest, so that she may have some muscular power, steady health and the beauty of neck and arm that is only gained by such physical development.

This stage is most gained by the simple exercises which we show in the picture and which we call "Teakercibles."

If some parts of the Teakercibles are too difficult for you, you may omit them. When a girl is going to be married, and just before she leaves for the church, her mother gives her a handkerchief which is called a "Teakercible." It is a small white handkerchief, and with it the girl does the exercises which we show in the picture.

The Klos Sisters are now in Washington, and are very popular. They are the only young women who have been able to do all the exercises which we show in the picture.

If the chest is to be developed, the arms must be strengthened first. The arms must be strengthened first, and then the chest can be developed.

The Klos Sisters are now in Washington, and are very popular. They are the only young women who have been able to do all the exercises which we show in the picture.

## HOUSE AND HOME HOMILIES.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

No. 4—The Cure for Self-Consciousness.

Dear Miss Ayer:

I am a young girl twenty-two years old, possessed of an ordinary share of good looks and intelligence, but am afflicted with self-consciousness, which makes me very unhappy at times, as I think it prevents me from appearing to advantage among my friends and associates. Kindly suggest some means by which I will be able to overcome this hindrance to my progress.

AFFLICTED.

POOR "Afflicted." You are not the only girl suffering from self-consciousness. There are thousands of others, and men too, who stand in their own way, held in the strong bonds of self-consciousness. You that are the entire trouble. There are two varieties of self-consciousness—the kind that grows in constant self-approval and the kind that grows or weeps at its own shortcomings. This latter is the form of self-consciousness that is making "Afflicted's" life miserable. Everything she does or says seems wrong to her. She is forever turning a mental searchlight on every one of her own words or gestures. Do you suppose you can be graceful if you are tense in every muscle, thinking just how you are going to move and not next? Do you suppose you can keep up a fluent conversation if you are thinking of how your words are going to affect your hearers?

The reason you are appearing at a constant disadvantage, or thinking you are doing so, which is quite as bad, is because you are occupied entirely with yourself. Now, this does not mean that one is selfish. The people with the most unselfish natures suffer as much from self-consciousness, but they eventually learn to overcome this imaginary barrier between their true selves and the rest of the world. The cure of self-consciousness lies with you. Get busy with other things, other interests, other people. Get outside the Chinese wall of fear of the opinion of others which hinders you from being yourself. Don't criticize every mistake you may make more harshly than you would if some one else had made it. Don't dwell on little mistakes.

If you know that people do not think well of you, and probably you only imagine it, find out first if they have good reason for criticizing. If they have, profit by this, but if they have not, learn to shake off unjust reproach as a mere splash of water. If you don't let the weight will come down upon you.

Self-consciousness is a limitation and hinders one in every field of endeavor. It must be rooted out and exterminated like a troublesome weed, and the cure is obedience to the higher laws of unselfishness. Perhaps "Afflicted" is worried about the way she appears when in public. Let her see to it that her frocks are nice and in good order, shoes and gloves perfect. Then forget them quickly. That will help. Perhaps her conversation is limited. Others may not find it so, and she is talking for the pleasure of her friends, not for herself. Perhaps she feels that she must constantly be showing her approval or enjoyment of things and does not know how.

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